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THE DARK KISS OF NIGHT
Vampyre's Kiss
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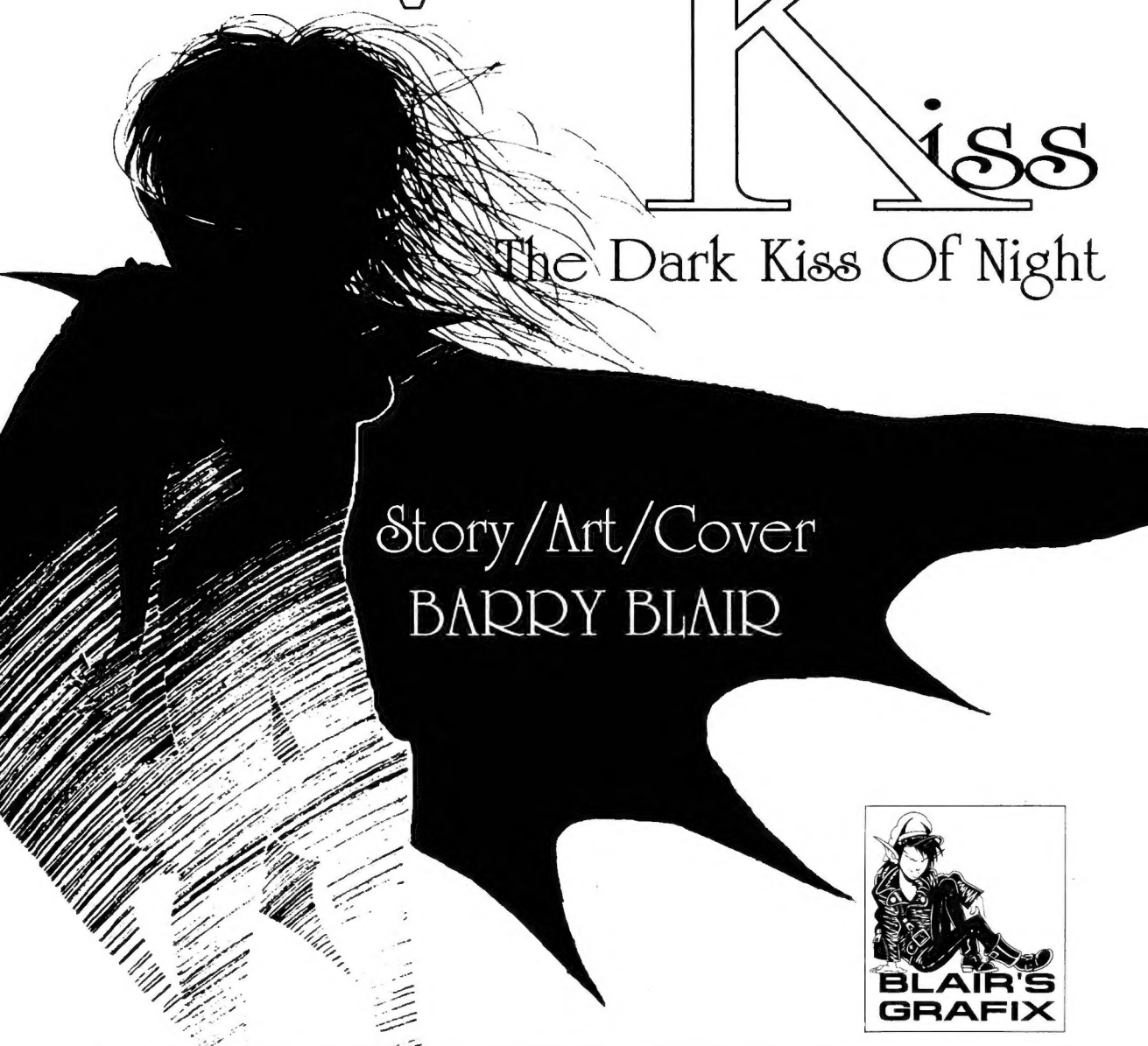
Created by
BARRY BLAIR

Aircel

# Vampyre's Kiss

## The Dark Kiss Of Night



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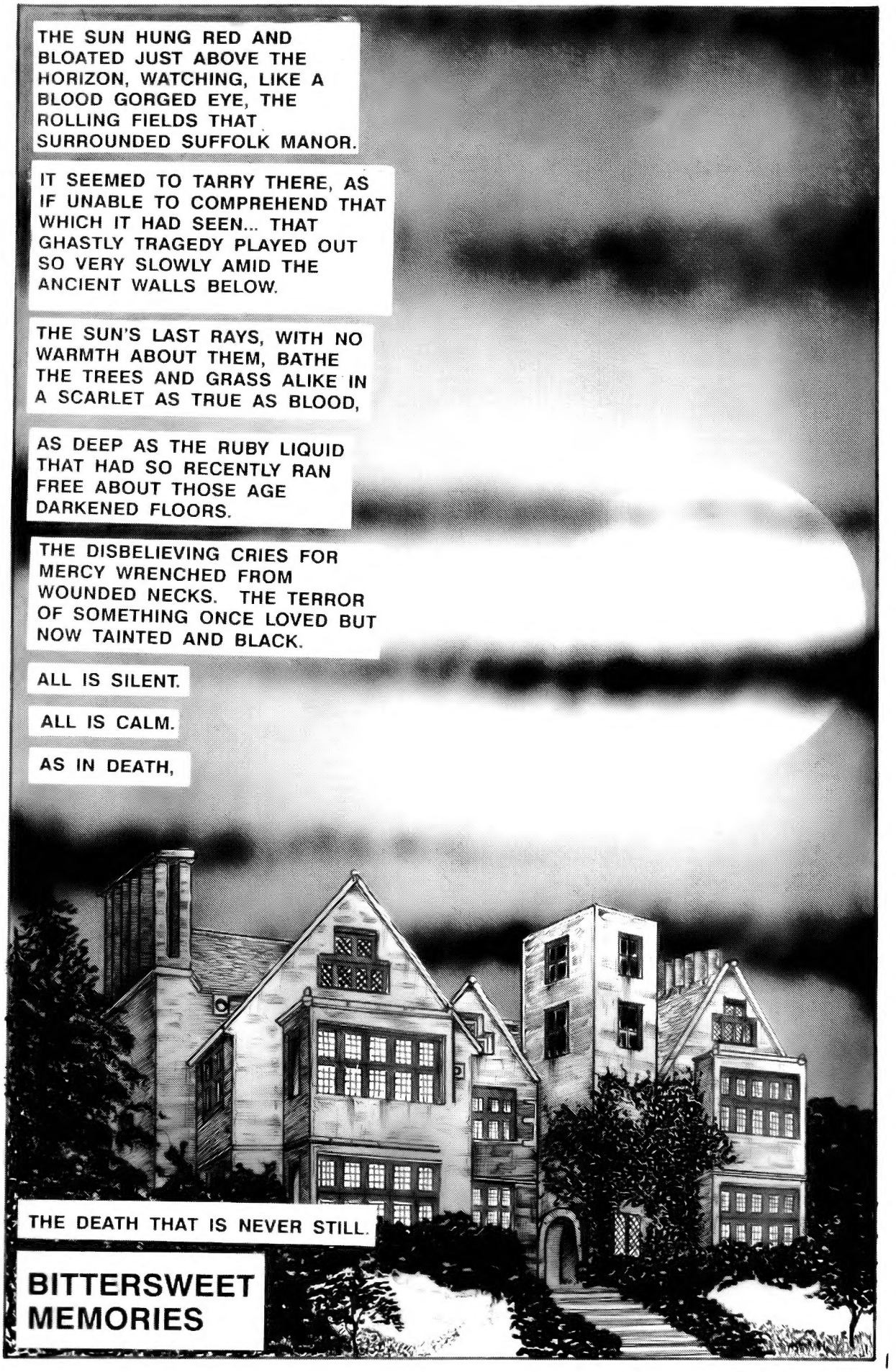

THE SUN HUNG RED AND BLOATED JUST ABOVE THE HORIZON, WATCHING, LIKE A BLOOD GORGED EYE, THE ROLLING FIELDS THAT SURROUNDED SUFFOLK MANOR.
IT SEEMED TO TARRY THERE, AS IF UNABLE TO COMPREHEND THAT WHICH IT HAD SEEN... THAT GHASTLY TRAGEDY PLAYED OUT SO VERY SLOWLY AMID THE ANCIENT WALLS BELOW.
THE SUN'S LAST RAYS, WITH NO WARMTH ABOUT THEM, BATHE THE TREES AND GRASS ALIKE IN A SCARLET AS TRUE AS BLOOD,
AS DEEP AS THE RUBY LIQUID THAT HAD SO RECENTLY RAN FREE ABOUT THOSE AGE DARKENED FLOORS.
THE DISBELIEVING CRIES FOR MERCY WRENCHED FROM WOUNDED NECKS. THE TERROR OF SOMETHING ONCE LOVED BUT NOW TAINTED AND BLACK.
ALL IS SILENT.
ALL IS CALM.
AS IN DEATH,
THE DEATH THAT IS NEVER STILL.
BITTERSWEET MEMORIES

THROUGH THE HALLS OF ANCIENT STONE GROWN COLD WITH THE TOUCH OF DEATH LINGERED, AND STILL DO, THE MULTITUDE THAT HAS GONE BEFORE, YET NONE SO GHASTLY AS THOSE AT THE HANDS OF THE CHANGELING.
SO QUIET NOW THAT THEY SLEEP. MY POOR FATHER AND DEAR MOTHER... YES, HOW SHE LOVED THEM SO.
AND HOW THEY LOVED HER BACK, SO TRUE, SO FAITHFUL, SO INNOCENT.
YES, THE VESSEL IS PURE, THE FORM SECURE.

HOW THEY DID LOVE THEIR LITTLE GIRL... SURROUNDED HER WITH KISSES, SMOTHERED HER WITH LOVE.
AND HOW THE LITTLE DARLING CHANGED WHEN BIANCA CAME TO CALL.
AND WHAT A LOVELY 18TH BIRTHDAY WE ALL HAD. SHE THOUGHT ME A BAD DREAM AS I SAT BACK, DEEP WITHIN HER MIND.
OH YES, MY LOVE, HOW GLORIOUS YOU LOOKED, STANDING THERE BEFORE YOUR LOVING PARENTS
AS YOUR TINY MIND SNAPPED AND ALL THAT WAS YOU WENT SCREAMING AWAY INTO OBLIVION.
I CAN STILL SEE THE PARENTS' FACES AS I EMERGED WITHIN THEIR CHILD.
DEAR MOMMY — CHEWING AT HER KNUCKLES, TEARS ASTREAMING... AND DADDY...

OH, DADDY, YOU WERE MARVELOUS, RIGHT TO THE BITTER END!
THE COLD AIR OF THE THRICE CURSED HOUSE SEEMED TO RECOIL AS THE VAMPIRE MOVED THROUGH IT. AND FAINTLY, SO VERY FAINTLY, GHOSTS NOW PRESSED FEARFULLY AGAINST THE WALLS WHISPER TO THEMSELVES OF THE HORRORS YET TO COME.
BUT NOW... NOW I LIVE AGAIN! NO MORE JUST A THOUGHT, A FLEETING FEELING. BIANCA THE VAMPIRE IS BACK! AND I'M SO VERY VERY HUNGRY.

THE WESTERN SKY WAS A DEEP VIOLET BLUE, A SWIRL OF PASTEL CHASING THE RETREATING SUN BELOW THE HORIZON.
OUTSIDE THE PIG AND PEG, THE EVENING AIR WAS THICK WITH THE SENT OF LILACS AND THE MUSTY SMELL OF DAMP FERNS AND MOSS.
THE SOOTHING SOUND OF MUFFLED VOICES, SOME RAISED IN SONG, DRIFTED ON THE COOL BREEZE THAT HERALDED THE NIGHT.
AIDIN !
HEY, MATE, CHEER UP. YER BRINGING THE WHOLE PLACE DOWN.
GO AWAY, AMISH, CAN'T YOU SEE I'M FOR THE SHITTER?

WHAT'S NEW, HONESTLY ? ARE YOU SICK, IS IT ?
IF I TOLD YOU YOU'D ONLY LAUGH.
I'M YER BEST FRIEND, SPUD...
ALRIGHT... I THINK ME MEMORY'S GOIN' AND... AND I'VE BEEN HAVIN' BAD DREAMS.
WETTIN' THE BED NOW, IS IT ?
AH SHIT !!
AMISH, WHAT'S THE STORY ? YER PAL IS LOOKIN' A BIT GREEN.
AMISH, SHUT YER FESTERIN' GOB.

BOSHA, ME LOVE, I THINK HE NEEDS TO BE ALONE.
SO DO WE, DARLIN'. SO DO WE.
SERIOUSLY, MATE, WILL YOU BE OKAY?
I'LL BE RIGHT IN A LITTLE BIT. I'M THINKIN' OF VISITING HUE LATER. YOU GO ON NOW, THE BOTH OF YOU.

WHA'ERE YER LOOKIN' AT, YA LITTLE SHIT ?!? YER NOT EVEN SUPPOSED TO BE IN HERE !
HOI, YOU WITCH BOY ! YOU DISTRUBIN' ME PATRONS AGAIN ?!?
IT'S ALRIGHT, NED, NO HARM DONE.
I WAS LEAVIN' ANYWAY.

A DISTURBING FEELING TRAILING BEHIND LIKE A WISP OF SMOKE. A FORGOTTEN MEMORY, LIKE A NAME OR A TUNE, JUST ON THE TIP OF THE TONGUE BUT SOME HOW HELD BACK.
A FEVERED DREAM SEEN THROUGH CLOSED EYES. A REALITY PLAYED AT SLOW SPEED. AIDIN STOOD FOR A TIME IN THE POOL OF LIGHT THAT STRETCHED OUT FROM THE PUB LETTING THE COOL NIGHT AIR WORK ON HIM.
I HOPE HUE IS STILL UP.
SOMEWHERE, FAR OFF IN THE SECRET DARKNESS, HE KNEW SOMETHING WAS WATCHING HIM, WAITING FOR JUST THE RIGHT TIME TO DO... HE WASN'T SURE ... BUT THE EXTREME PERSONALISM BOTHERED HIM.
COME TO THINK OF IT, I DON'T THINK HE EVER SLEEPS.

AIDIN, COME IN, I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.
EESH, HUE, YOU SCARED THE PISS OUT OF ME.
FORGIVE ME, MY FRIEND. COME IN. LIKE SOME COFFEE-FRESH-BREWED ?
THANKS.
YOU SAID YOU EXPECTED ME ?
YES.

AIDIN CLOSED HIS EYES AND LET THE WARMTH OF THE PLACE ENVELOPE HIM...THE ANTIQUE FURNITURE, THE ARTIFACTS AND THE BOOKS. THE BOOKS... SINCE HE'D BEEN A LITTLE BOY AIDIN HAD GONE TO HUE'S BOOK STORE, ARKUM BOOKS.
IT ALWAYS SEEMED A SAFE PLACE TO BE INSIDE, SURROUNDED BY THE STORIES, THOUSAND OF ADVENTURES, OF IMAGINATION SET FREE... AND HUE WAS ALWAYS THERE. ALWAYS THE SAME.
HUE NEVER CHANGED. IT BOTHERED SOME. AIDIN DIDN'T CARE.
YOUR COFFEE ... YOU ARE TROUBLED, AREN'T YOU?
I'VE BEEN HAVING THESE FREAKIN' DREAMS LATELY, AND FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I SWEAR I'M GETTIN' SENILE.
EASY NOW, JUST TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.
HUE'S DEEP RESONANT VOICE CALMED AIDIN DOWN, SOOTHED HIM, LET HIS THOUGHTS COLLECT.

HEDGE ROWS AND MILE MARKERS FLEW BY AS BLOOD PUMPED THROUGH VEINS STANDING OUT WITH EXERTION.
THE EXHILARATION OF WIND AND SPEED, THE WHINE OF AN ENGINE, THE INTOXICATING FEELING OF CLOSENESS...
YER DAFT, BOSHA! YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!
HA! YOU CAN ONLY DIE ONCE, AMISH.
I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE SO WILD, GIRL.
YOU NEVER CAME OUT WITH ME AT NIGHT, BOY.

I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.
WHAT IS IT ? WHERE ARE WE GOING, BOSHA ?
IT'S NOT FAR.
HERE.
OH SHIT

YOU CAN TOUCH 'EM. THEY WON'T BITE !
WHAT'S THAT !?!

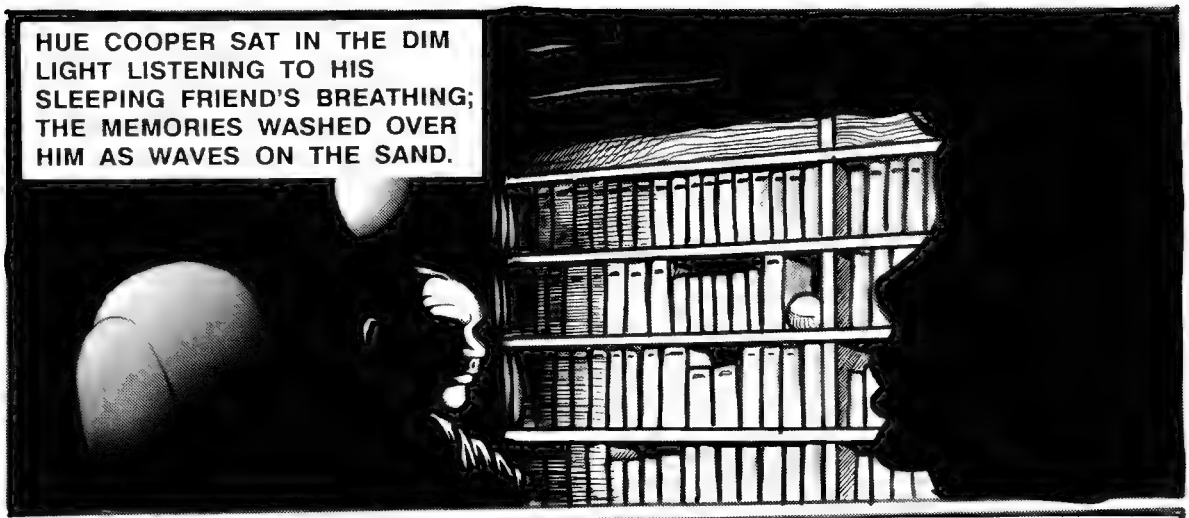
I KNOW YOU, BITCH ! I KNOW YOU !
IT'S THE WALKER.
MOON BITCH, I KNOW YOUR KIND. I FELT YOU COMING. IT'S BLOOD YOU'LL BE WANTIN'. BLOOD OF INNOCENTS.
PISS OFF, YA CRAZY SOD !
SHIT ! HE BIT THE HEAD OFF THAT RABBIT !
BEWARE, LAD ! THE BITCH IS IN HEAT !!
TAKE ME AWAY FROM HERE, AMISH. TAKE ME AWAY !

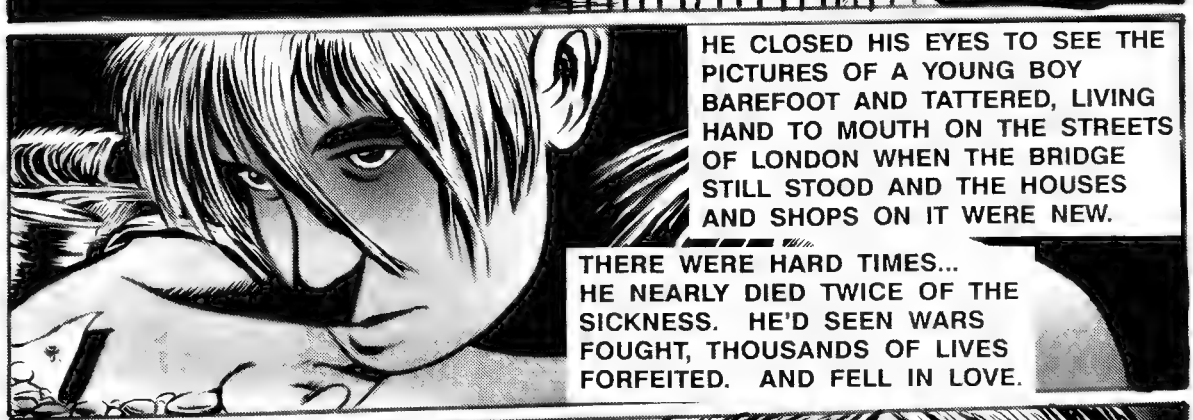
ANCIENT STONES ERECTED AT THE DAWN OF TIME. DRUIDS' BLOOD AND SACRIFICE. THE SECRET PEOPLE, THE FAERIE FOLK, THE FIRST ONES...
CALLING BACK THE DISTANT MEMORIES CHRISTIANITY COULDN'T REMOVE, OF A TIME WHEN MAN AND NATURE WERE AS ONE, AND THE ROCKS, LONG SINCE SILENCED, DID LIVE.
A WHISPERED SECRET, A TREASURED KNOWLEDGE PASSED CAREFULLY DOWN THROUGH TIME. GUARDED AND CARED FOR. A THING TO DIE FOR. THE MYSTERY.

BOGIN, WHY DO YOU WEEP ?
FOR THE PASSING, THE ENDING OF THE HUNT. THE LAND CHANGES, THE OLD WAYS FADE.
THERE ARE FEW OF US LEFT, AND WITH OUT PASSING, WHERE WILL YOU GO, HERNE ?
DO NOT FEAR FOR ME, LITTLE ONE. THE HOUNDS ARE ALWAYS READY; THE GREEN MAN WILL RETURN ONE DAY.
I CAN FEEL THE DECAY..
YES, MAN HAS WROTE MUCH IN HIS TIME. YET HE WAS NOT ALWAYS SO. THERE WAS THE TIME BEFORE THE TIME...
THE WHEEL HAS NO END. ONCE GONE, HE WILL START OVER.
THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE FROM THE TIME BEFORE OUR TIME. IT'S EVIL.

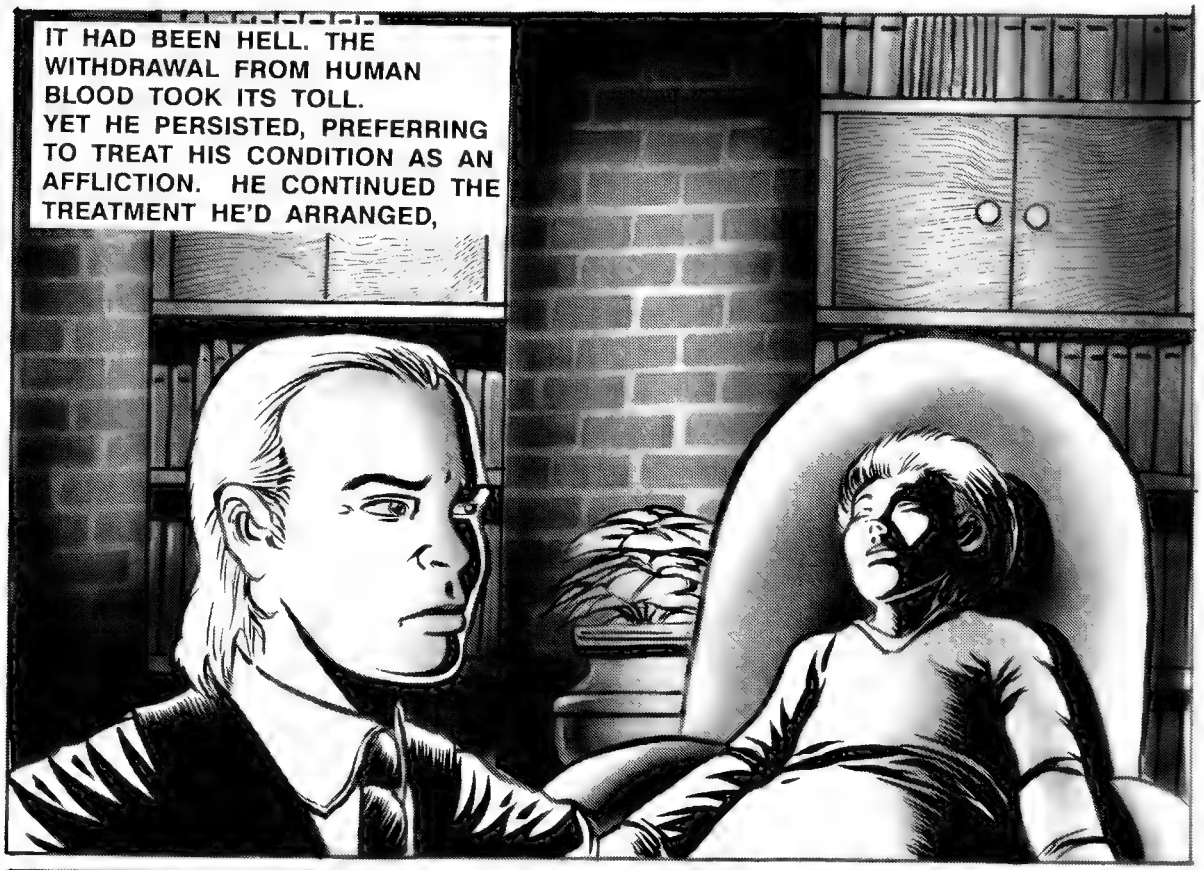
YES, MY ROBIN, I FEEL IT, TOO. A CURSE THAT HAS FOLLOWED MAN THROUGH HIS LAST DESTRUCTION AND ON TO NOW. IT GROWS. IT FEEDS OFF MANY THINGS.
BUT IT CAN'T SURVIVE AMONG THE LIVING. IT FEARS THE SUN.
BE WARY OF THIS THING, GOODFELLOW. DO AS YOU HAVE FOR SO MANY TIMES BEFORE. STAY HIDDEN, OBSERVE AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.
I WILL, FATHER, I'LL NOT FAIL. 'TIL NEXT TIME, FATHER FOREST...
FARE THEE WELL, PUCK.

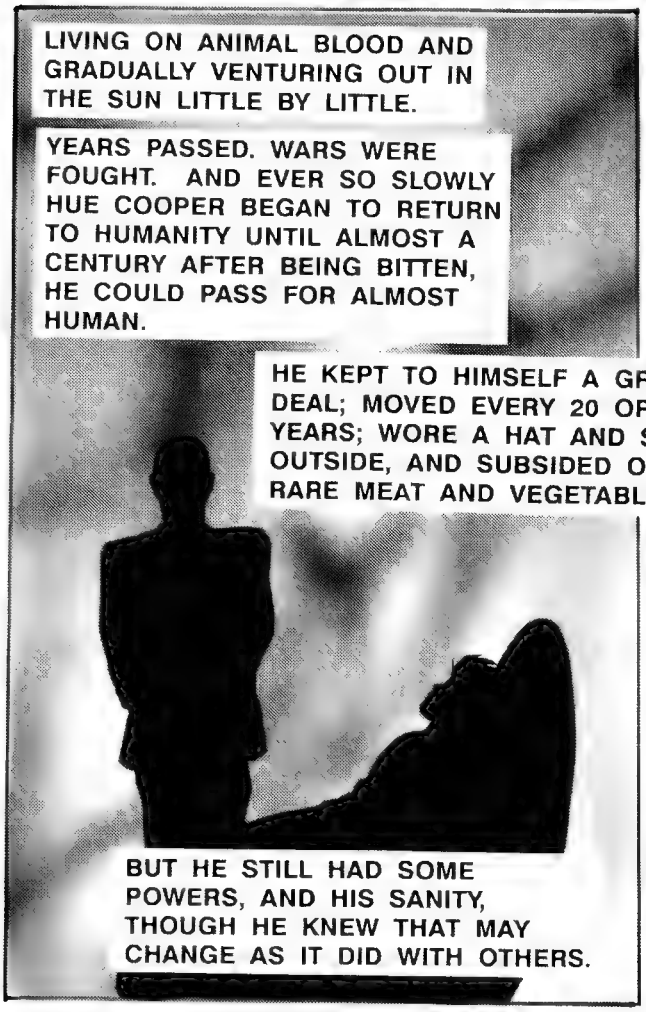
MEMORIES.
FRAGILE TREASURES OF DISTANT TIMES, OF PLACES AND THINGS LOST FOREVER, IN AN ONGOING WONDER CALLED LIFE.
A CATALYST OF EMOTIONS, OF SADNESS AND JOY, OF SUNSHINE AND RAIN, OF PEOPLE AND SONG. THE KEYNOTES TO FOREVER. MEMORIES.
AND HOW DO YOU COUNT A LIFE IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE IMMORTAL ..?


HUE COOPER SAT IN THE DIM LIGHT LISTENING TO HIS SLEEPING FRIEND'S BREATHING; THE MEMORIES WASHED OVER HIM AS WAVES ON THE SAND.


HE CLOSED HIS EYES TO SEE THE PICTURES OF A YOUNG BOY BAREFOOT AND TATTERED, LIVING HAND TO MOUTH ON THE STREETS OF LONDON WHEN THE BRIDGE STILL STOOD AND THE HOUSES AND SHOPS ON IT WERE NEW.
THERE WERE HARD TIMES... HE NEARLY DIED TWICE OF THE SICKNESS. HE'D SEEN WARS FOUGHT, THOUSANDS OF LIVES FORFEITED. AND FELL IN LOVE.

IT WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT WHEN HE MET THE VAMPIRE, A CRUEL BEAST OF A THING THAT LIVED ON THE POOR PEOPLE OF THE DOCKS. IT DIDN'T KILL HIM, BUT IT CHANGED HIM.
HE WATCHED HIS ISABELL GROW OLD AND DIE. HE WATCHED SO MANY FRIENDS GROW OLD. HE OUTLIVED HIS OWN LIFE SPAN BY PREYING ON ROBBERS AND THUGS WHO LIVED BENEATH THE CITY.
SHE WAS SO BEAUTIFUL. ISABELL, SWEET ISABELL.
HE BECAME SO LONELY.
SO GUILTY...
THEN HE STOPPED.


IT HAD BEEN HELL. THE WITHDRAWAL FROM HUMAN BLOOD TOOK ITS TOLL.
YET HE PERSISTED, PREFERRING TO TREAT HIS CONDITION AS AN AFFLICTION. HE CONTINUED THE TREATMENT HE'D ARRANGED,


LIVING ON ANIMAL BLOOD AND GRADUALLY VENTURING OUT IN THE SUN LITTLE BY LITTLE.
YEARS PASSED. WARS WERE FOUGHT. AND EVER SO SLOWLY HUE COOPER BEGAN TO RETURN TO HUMANITY UNTIL ALMOST A CENTURY AFTER BEING BITTEN, HE COULD PASS FOR ALMOST HUMAN.
HE KEPT TO HIMSELF A GREAT DEAL; MOVED EVERY 20 OR 30 YEARS; WORE A HAT AND SHADES OUTSIDE, AND SUBSIDED ON VERY RARE MEAT AND VEGETABLES.
BUT HE STILL HAD SOME POWERS, AND HIS SANITY, THOUGH HE KNEW THAT MAY CHANGE AS IT DID WITH OTHERS.

MMMmmm NO, NOT AGAIN...!
HE'S DREAMING AGAIN, HIS NIGHTMARE... THE VAMPIRE IS COMING.
THIS TIME I'LL BE THERE WITH YOU, AIDIN.

ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST... FAREWELL, JOHN COOPER.

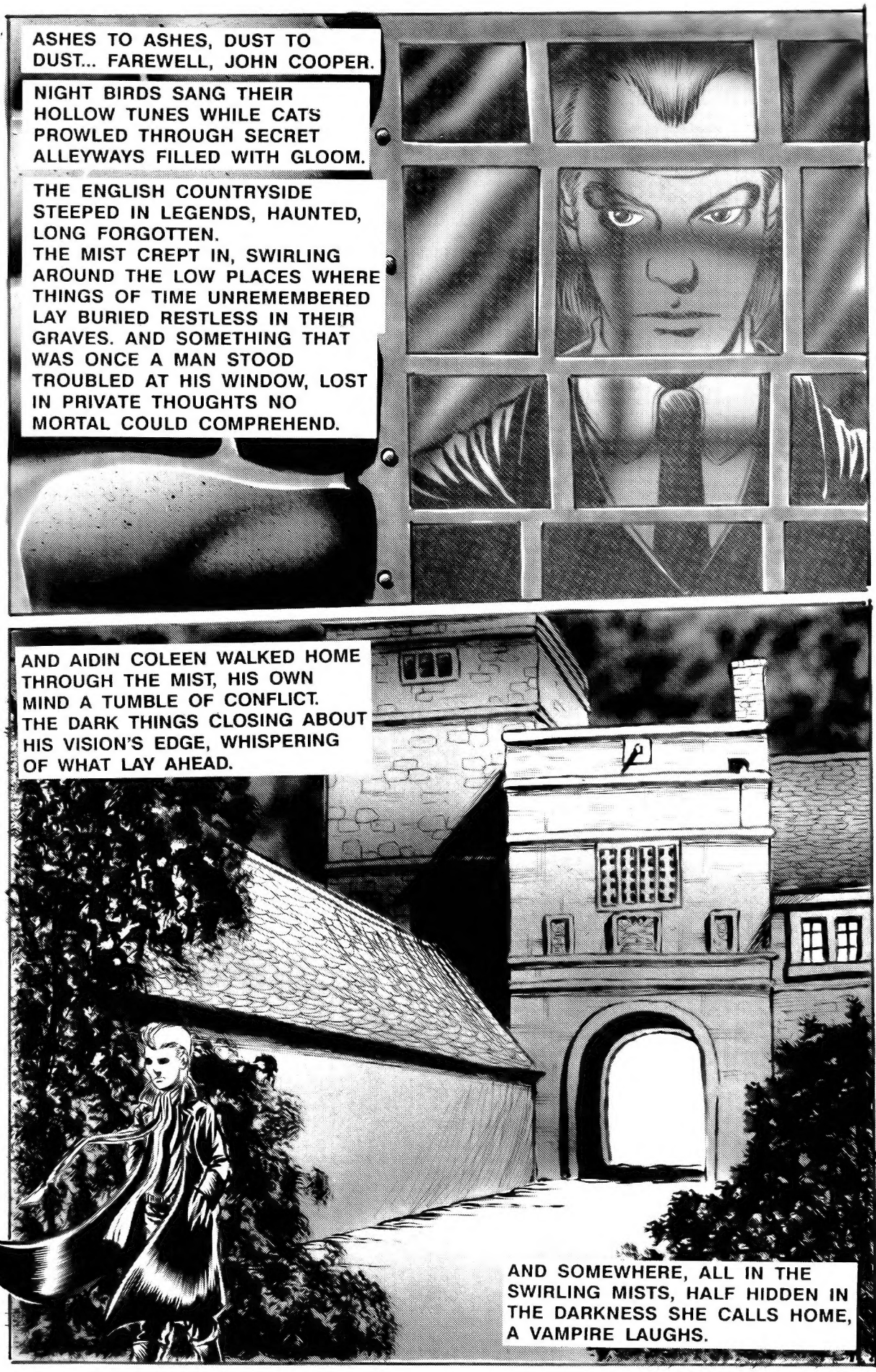
OH, AIDIN, WHAT WILL WE DO? WE'RE ALL ALONE NOW.
DON'T THINK ABOUT IT NOW, MOM. JUST TRY TO REMEMBER DAD AS BEING ALIVE. WE GOTTA KEEP HIS MEMORY ALIVE.
PLEASE DON'T EVER LEAVE ME, MY DARLING.
I WON'T, MOM. I'LL STAY WITH YOU ALWAYS.
AIDIN, MY LOVE.

NO, THIS IS NOT RIGHT. I... I DON'T KNOW YOU.
WHO IS THAT, AIDIN ? WHO IS THAT GIRL ?
YOU KNOW IT'S RIGHT, AIDIN. I'VE BEEN WITH YOU ALWAYS.
NO !
DOWN THROUGH YOUR LIFE... YOU REMEMBER, DON'T YOU ?
NO ! GET OUT OF MY MEMORIES ! YOU WERE NEVER THERE ! GET OUT !!
BUT WE'RE LOVERS, AIDIN, MY SWEET. I NEED YOU, DARLING.

ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE, GIRL. YOU'VE TOYED WITH HIM LONG ENOUGH.
WHAT?!
WHO ... WHO ARE YOU?
ONE OF YOUR KIND, VAMPIRE, BUT OLDER. WITH MORE EXPERIENCE... AND POWER.
NO!!

PATHETIC OLD IMBECILE. YOU KNOW NOTHING OF POWER.
NEVERTHELESS, YOU SLUT, I'LL STAND BY MY FRIEND. YOU'LL NOT HAVE HIM OR HIS MIND.
THEN YOU'LL DIE WITH HIM !

AAAHH !!
SORRY, HUE, I GUESS I HAD ANOTHER DREAM. YOU WERE IN IT THIS TIME. SHE CAME FOR ME AGAIN.
MY MEMORIES, HUE, SHE'S CHANGING THEM. WHEN I THINK BACK TO ALL THE LITTLE PERSONAL THINGS THAT MAKE UP ME, SHE'S THERE.
IT'S LIKE SHE'S CREATING ME ...!
EASY, LAD, IT'S ONLY NIGHTMARES.
HERE, TAKE A FEW OF THESE BEFORE BED. YOU'LL SLEEP THROUGH AND SHE WON'T TROUBLE YOU.
THANKS, HUE.


ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST... FAREWELL, JOHN COOPER.
NIGHT BIRDS SANG THEIR HOLLOW TUNES WHILE CATS PROWLED THROUGH SECRET ALLEYWAYS FILLED WITH GLOOM.
THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE STEEPED IN LEGENDS, HAUNTED, LONG FORGOTTEN.
THE MIST CREPT IN, SWIRLING AROUND THE LOW PLACES WHERE THINGS OF TIME UNREMEMBERED LAY BURIED RESTLESS IN THEIR GRAVES. AND SOMETHING THAT WAS ONCE A MAN STOOD TROUBLED AT HIS WINDOW, LOST IN PRIVATE THOUGHTS NO MORTAL COULD COMPREHEND.
AND AIDIN COLEEN WALKED HOME THROUGH THE MIST, HIS OWN MIND A TUMBLE OF CONFLICT. THE DARK THINGS CLOSING ABOUT HIS VISION'S EDGE, WHISPERING OF WHAT LAY AHEAD.
AND SOMEWHERE, ALL IN THE SWIRLING MISTS, HALF HIDDEN IN THE DARKNESS SHE CALLS HOME, A VAMPIRE LAUGHS.